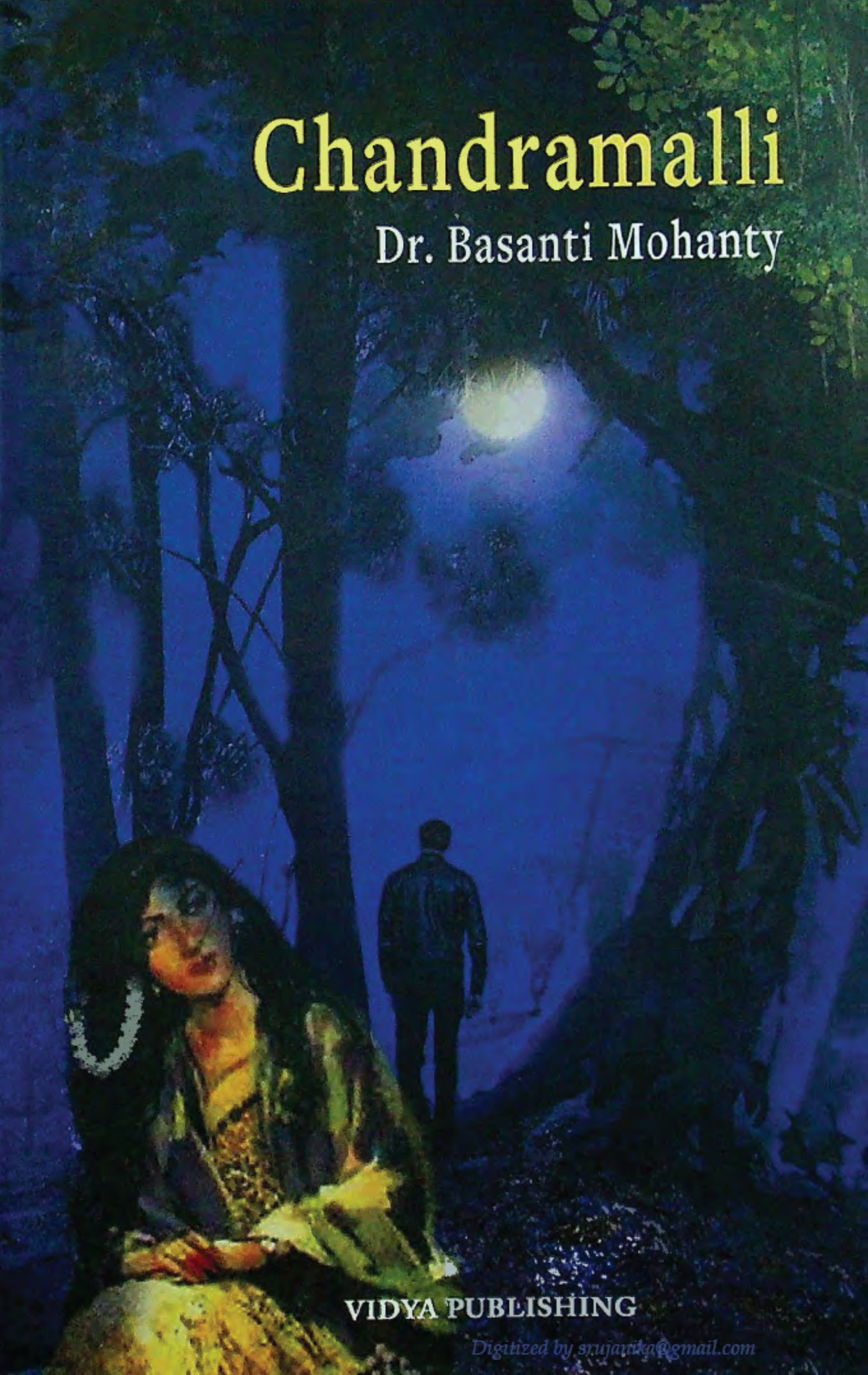

Chandramalli
Dr. Basanti Mohanty
VIDYA PUBLISHING

Chandramalli

Original (in Odia) by Dr. Basanti Mohanty
Translated (in English) by Subrata Mishra



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Chandramalli

(A Long poem)

Origional in Odia : Dr. Basanti Mohanty

Translation in English : Subrata Mishra

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FROM THE AUTHOR

I had whimsically written a poem entitled Chandramalli when the whole world was awestruck in the grip of Covid 19, the corona. I had never thought that this whimsical journey would extend for two long years, keep me overwhelmed and inspire me to write as many as fifty poems.

Chandramalli is an incorporeal being; still, it had overwhelmed me for as long as two years.I was completely fascinated, often beyond my control. A soothing imagination of zealous recreation had covered my individuality. Some unseen power was creating innumerable bombardments in my nerves. I was suffocated; words and feelings from within prompted me to write. I had been writing like a machine completely enchanted. This is perhaps the secret of my journey through it.

While writing these poems, I have never felt my individual being on the basis of its gender. The creator is never confined to any gender. He is the creator first, then a man or woman. All throughout my journey with Chandramalli, I have felt a man coming alive within me.

Who is the mysterious lady to possess my conscience and bring out half a century of poems from the tip of my pen? I am still in search of that ethereal being.

The threat of Corona had kept us isolated from society for two complete years. This isolation is heaven for the creative man. They are precious moments to provide us with sufficient leisure to understand, analyse and recognise our own selves. It is an opportunity to dive deep into the ocean of consciousness and bring out the best of gifts for the betterment of humanity. Isolation from the external world creates a hue and cry in the world within. It is the voice within that inspired me to create half a century of poems for Chandramalli.

It is a matter of fact that in the world affected by corona, there was no calmness, we were extremely terrified. There was no celebration of life, the Victory of death every moment had kept life suppressed.

At times the man was terror-struck, while at other moments the harsh sight of life's transitoriness had made him a philosopher.

Chandramalli came into being in such an emotional and pitiable state of the mind. It was beyond my imagination that 'Chandramalli' would acquire so many readers full of applause for it. It is more than enough to say that many of my friends were so overwhelmed that they had started translating the episodes of 'Chandramalli' into different languages like English, Hindi, Telugu, Bengali and Deshia language.

Translators of Telugu, Bengali and Deshia languages like Mrs Puspanjali Panda, Mrs Gayatri Paul and Mrs

Jemamani Bisoyi in sequence stopped midway but inspired me a lot to go ahead. The English translator Mrs Subrata Mishra and Hindi translator Mrs Narmada Subuddhi were with me till I reached the destination. It was quite motivating.I thank them all from the core of my heart.

The poems in the book appear to have arisen out of intense love in the heart of a lover but the tone within is different. We all were overcast by two conflicting ideas in a world afflicted by Corona. On one side, a completely strange virus had devoured the world whereas on the other side violent, ego-centric humanity suddenly appeared to have been strung together in one string. All were united to defeat the virus Human beings were not only compassionate to each other, their compassion had extended to other creatures in the universe. as well.

In spite of all these, the plight of the Corona-affected world did not end. During the great calamity, some people walked thousands of miles barefoot to keep alive whereas many led a luxurious life ignoring the true value of life. The lone, isolated life was burdensome for them. They wanted relief from it, often committed suicide out of depression, and suffered from a heart attack. All these have been symbolically reflected in the poems of Chandramalli.

Even before the devastation due by the epidemic died down, the man again started playing his vicious games. Different administrative disorders like corruption, change in National Agricultural Policy, National Educational policy etc cropped up to the dissatisfaction of the masses which have been included in the poems of Chandramalli. Many current problems starting from Corona to the war in Ukraine have entered the periphery of Chandramalli.

When human society was breathless amidst such a crisis, a poet can not lose himself in the blue eyes of his beloved. When Rome was burnt, the Neroes fiddled, not the poets.

I could not understand when my journey through love and warmth crossed the temporal world to touch the boundaries of the perpetual. Maybe this was the desire of the divine. When I finished writing the last episode, two drops of tear rolled down my eyes-the reason remains a mystery till now.

I have never tried for the style of the poems-not even for putting the right words in the right places. Whenever rich thoughts have demanded words, they have been automatically placed properly. Much before the concept of the Ode was known to the world of English literature, a poem was written in ancient Odia poetry 'Koili lo keshaba je Mathura ku gala'.Much after it poems like 'Nadi prati','Padma prati' and 'Shephali prati' were written. The collection of poems in Chandramalli has neither followed the Western nor the Eastern pattern. They are complete by themselves, original thoughts. When different thoughts were creating vibrations within me, words following them were coming automatically to my relief.

I am mainly a writer of prose. Though I had started my creative career through poetry, I could not know when I became prosaic. I feel that writing stories, essays, novels and columns support me, and keeps me lively. Writing poetry is a pleasant escape for me. Though I have written some poems here and there, I have never felt the necessity to compile them for an anthology. The advice of different

readers and well-wishers has made the process of publication of Chandramalli faster.

It is worthwhile to remember now the great dramatist and retired principal, Professor Major Ramaramana Padhy and my revered teacher retired principal and Reader in English Professor Basant Kumar Samanta. Both of them have played a pivotal role in helping me to go ahead with the anthology by reading each and every episode of Chandramalli, analysing them with love and admiration. An accomplished and established writer in the creative world of Odisha, a retired official of Indian Administrative Services, poet Dr Rabi Narayan Senapati and Dr Mahendra Kumar Mishra, a well-known folklorist have encouraged me with their adoration and valuable advice for the manuscript. I seek the blessings of all these elders. My classmate and Reader in Odia Mr Bibekananda Kar who was writing pages of poems on social media after reading each episode of Chandramalli can not be forgotten. I am grateful to all my friends known or unknown for helping me in the publication of the book.

Last but not least I am grateful to the publisher couple Dr. Tanmay Panda and Dr. Sunanda Mishra Panda of Vidya Publishing Inc., Toronto, Canada for their benevolence in accepting the responsibility of publishing the Odia, Hindi and English versions of Chandramalli on their own. I am ever indebted to them.

My great labour for Chandramalli will be successful if it attains the adoration of kind-hearted readers.

Dr. Basanti Mohanty

A few lines about my journey

Chandramalli is not an ordinary love poem as it appears from the surface level. She is inside the poet, not an entity outside her. The poet has made her a witness to everything that goes on inside or outside around her- may be personal, social or spiritual even national and international. it is not excluded just like the individual sharing thoughts with the self. The poem is in dramatic form, though there is no dialogue anywhere...it is a soliloquy. All thoughts have been spelt out in the most unique manner. That is the speciality of the poem and its poet.

My involvement with Chandramalli is no less dramatic. I was just a superficial reader of different episodes of it when the poetess proposed me to translate the poem into English language. Being a student of English literature and a teacher of the same for a long time, I definitely enjoyed reading poems and analysing them but translating odia poems with complete odia background into English was just out of my mind though I didn't reveal my mind to the poetess. I gave a serious thought to it and discussed about it with my sole friend, philosopher and guide at this stage of

life, my life partner, Er R.S.D. Bhattamishra. I had difficulty in understanding the poem which he removed by explaining it to me as many times as I needed. He remained my constant companion till the completion of all the episodes of Chandramalli. Without his support and cooperation all through out,it would have remained in my dreams only. He gave right direction to my confused mind.

Due to diverse constraints in the two languages, the English work is not a word by word translation of the original work,it is rather a transcreation. The poetess was liberal enough for the display of my own imagination at times when the original thought remained her proud possession.

A work of art remains confused, directionless to its creator without the admiration as well as criticism of its readers.I am ever grateful to Professor Major Ramaramana Padhy, who has already carved a niche for himself in the world of odia literature by directing and writing a number of drama books. He is also a much adored Indo - Anglican writer. His constant appreciation of the work was a great inspiration for me. The great admiration of Professor Basant Samant, retired principal and reader in English is worth mention here. He has left no stone unturned to admire the work and help me go ahead. I cannot ignore the contribution of the silent admirers. Words will fall short to express my gratitude to each of them.

My hard labour for the work amidst the busy schedules of life will be fruitful if it receives love and adoration of different categories of readers of English language and literature.

Subrata Mishra

1

It's beyond me dearest love
To seek the ideal hide for you...
If adorned in locks of hair
You dazzle with the glitter of the moon
Reigning bright
The dull dark sky of the night.
If hidden in the flute, you enchant the entire earth
In the symphony of your
Soft, sweet musical notes...
Concealed in the vast lake Kalindi
You flow to infinity...
As the blue watery watery plait of River Yamuna.
Often tried to hide you
In the broad, boundless sky,
But in vain!
You set off to touch the horizon

In the form of a rainbow
Splashing brilliant, beautiful colours,
Filling all around
With the soft, soothing aroma of Chandramalli!
If upheld in my heart of hearts
Just come out blasting in my nerves and veins.
No veil can ever hide you, dear..
You are the centre of my being
Life force of my zealous thoughts, deep rooted,
And expression of all that I feel.
You are the continual flow of words,
For the poet in me,
Melody of my music...
The paint brush,
To dye my thirsty canvas, empty.., .

2

Queen of my heart.... Chandramalli!
Tell me for certain,
If the reclusive songs of my tambourine,
Beyond your high bounds,
Ever passed over
The busy bustle of your Queen's abode
Leaving you bewildered?
Has ravenous hunger,
Blazing and fiery,
Ever touched the fringes of your lavish splendour?
You are, for ever, an elusive reality...
Far, far away from me,
Reclining on the soft, velvety

Cushion of your ivory bed!
Leave it some day to come down, dear,
Deep dye your feet with bright red colour,
Place them softly on,
Fresh, tender tufts of grass-
Oh the amazing touch, magical!
Our cows will soon be milchy,
The pregnant clouds shall pour down
The breast of dull, dry earth.....
Joy of plentiful bounty
Shall take away the pangs of scarcity....
Tears on the chin of high, lofty sky
Shall all be wiped, neat
Sipped through your red, rosy lips..
Sweet, gentle, fragrant!

3

Oh, you have appeared Chandramalli!
Softly treading on your shiny, silvery feet...
Pat them gently on my palms,
I have laid them solely for you...
It's an arrival, untimely,
An ecstatic response to the songs of my tambourine!
O dear love,
You should have thought of me even once,
My readiness, the shaky breast,
To uphold your love, pure, spotless.
Can your diamond stud,
The beauty spot on your left cheek
Draw on your lips
The blue print of hope,
Of confidence in you?
Quite a long path is there to walk, dear
Can you come along

Hand on hand
With the tedious burden of offences all around?
Oh dear, my idol of gold!
Get in if you have already come,
Before being torn to pieces, bled with a thousand wounds,
covered with assaults,
Let me touch your feet, soft and smooth,
Feel the smell of overwhelmed love
To my heart's content!

4

Tell me Chandramalli!
How did you fix this sparkling tongue
In the blue lake of your oyster eyes?
Incessant words
Come down your eyelids
In varied colours, enticing.
Imprison then the real tongue
In the lock of your lips,
No need to open it....
If our gossips are heard by the jealous,
It'll be a topic for rumour
Here, there, everywhere!
How long shall we be boiled
In the fiery eyes of the jealous

Critics' censure?
Let's talk in the language of the eyes,
They are more than a thousand tongues-
Oh my blue eyed love,
With the sparkle of a doe,
Stick to me like a sketch!
I would be born again and again
To be the dazzle of your eyes
A recluse for births together
To be a drop of shiny pearl
In your callous eyes, diffident!

5

The night is getting darker, dear...
Come out of your golden abode,
Opening the bolt of silver
As a ravishing beauty, to allure!
Know ye not Chandramalli-
When your lips are closed,
Calm and quiet,
The round, pretty face
Is away far behind ....
It's all dark here
There's light though
Of one thousand suns
To make up for.

The lone foliage dazzling green,
On top of the tall tree, bare..
Is ablaze unaware.
The chaste, virgin moon
Is soaked with tears rolling down.

The city is now drowsy, dear
Let's sit silent for an hour,
Love for a while each other....
Shed two drops of tear
For misery of the world
Diseased, deranged.
Oh, thick haired beauty
Thicken the darkness of the new moon foggy night
With the sparkle of your eyes,
Hide me in the fragrant odour
Of your thick, dark locks of hair...
Let there be no envious witness
To our courtship,
And make a gossip of it
In the banks of the lotus pond
Blackmailing us with offences ever!!

6

You had appeared Chandramalli, yesternight
With your fragrant hair, the shy eyelids,
Sitting in a silent couch,
In the wings of darkness.
But you disappeared
Much before I was enchanted by them,
Lost in their serenity...
Was it real or a dream I saw
A mere hallucination!

It was time to celebrate
Fertility of Mother earth
I ran with all eagerness
To smell the fragrance of the betel
You chew with love!

But nothing could I see
Nothing did I feel
No lips dyed red with betel juice, no floral buns
Tinkling of anklets were not heard.
All were bound in lockdown.
There was curfew in the town.

It was no celebration of abundance...
Pangs of hunger loomed large
The swings were not tied tight
May soon be out of sight.
The sky was falling to pieces
For silent fear of expecting mothers,
The king, Queen, Jack and Ash
In the deck of cards were all scared to death.
There was gloom of darkness
In the golden crown of brothers..
Mother Earth bereaved execution of some.

If there's no swing of celebration, dear,
Let's cling firm to the creeper of faith
Fly to the far off world of clouds
In the swing of our minds....

The morning can't be shattered for ever,
It's bound to alter-
Fasten the knot of life tight
Store it in your chest
Lest it should be lost...
As we are back to earth
The dark cloud of fear would be clear-
First flush of the dawn of hope
Will blink in the blue, lucid sky
Beckoning a life of bliss
In the days to come!

7

Most benevolent beloved
Chandramalli dear,
I had asked you for a handful of moonbeam
But you descended on my palms as the moon
My grand road is bathing in the waves of your serene beam,
You are now in my chariot in full form.
You had promised to sanctify my present and future
In form of the dwarf
Why should I then extend my tiny hands
To the lofty sky?
You have embraced
The darkness of my life
So desolate, lonesome.

All my nights are now moonlit, aromatic...
I had asked you for a handful of jasmine
You have now covered my bed
With plenty of them.

Now all that I have
My incantations, austerities,
My shape, my shade
Are fragrant with your fragrance.
My plot of greens, the
earthen verandah
My shrine of the holy basil
Sing the song
Of your pure, intense love.

All that I cherish now
Is but one ambition..
Oh blue eyed love,
What more do I need
If my eyes contact yours
And be one with them?
All my wants are now bound,
To the smooth, velvety cloth
That covers you!

8

It's an exile Chandramalli!
A voluntary exile I took
In the exit to your eyes elegant.
Anchored my shaky vessel
In the harbour of your lips regal.
It's uptoyou, dear,
Whether you drown me with tears
Or soar me high in your sobs.
Make me the dazzle of your eyes
Or a beauty spot beneath your lustrous lips.
I'm a tuft of green grass
In the valley of your desire,
Your despise, disgusting ever.
A drop of water filled to the brim
In the waves of your need, upstream.
Before being soaked as a ball of sand
By the tears you shed
I'm giving you words, Chandramalli!
I'll catch hold of the tiniest drop ever

Create pearls from them in great number.
It's not easy to pamper the tears incessant
But we're now used
To the art of sipping sobs.
Come on Chandramalli!
Let's learn the art of living.
Making a paint brush of
Smiles and tears, sobs and shouts,
We shall draw a fresh sketch
Of our loving adoration
for each other
With water paint....
Drawn by none ever

9

Hide the wick of our amour
In your love drenched attire, Chandramalli!
Keep it covered.
Take out the silky veil smooth
From your maiden's look, modest
Lest you should stumble to fall, bleed severe,
A long way is yet to cover.
Shatter your anger
Keep the pride clear
Shower your love, the faith you have
Your reluctance, rebukes,
On the hollow of my hands.
I shall store with care
All that you urge on.
You have to own, dear
All the worries, perplexities
I have in reserve for you.
Let's drink to our heart's content
The last dewy drop of tear

From the lips of the moody moon
Before the Venus winks at us.
Let's take handfuls of pearl
from the chest of the sea
Adorn the thick neck of the sky
Soaked with sobs.
While gazing at our own reflection
In the shiny mirror of adoration
Water from the fountain of life may be arid
Else while crossing the shores nostalgic
With eyes full of tears
The water may overflow the broad breast of sea
To drift us deep down ....
Leaving us to search for
Gold dusts of our relationship
Lost for ever
In limitless lows of water,
The mud at the bottom.

10

My trust in you is shaken Chandramall!
I am in doubt now,
Doubt at its utmost height.
It's for your distraction, dear
Utterly distracted you are!
My entire noon is anguished
By the pangs of your hostility.....
I'm no saint Agastya
To swallow the vast open sea,
And save mankind from
the disgusting dread of the devil,
Disasters disrupting
Keeping my faith in tact.
You had given me words, Chandramalli!
Not to compose the songs
Of separation any time.
Our flute of life, you said
Would never play the tune of grief!
Now there's only
The image of floating clouds

In your promises,
The bunch of words you uttered,
Appear dull, colourless.
Even the apeals made by you
Seem to lack vigour!
Let's now analyse ourselves
Before this relation
Is shattered....
Cleanse the dirt of infidelity
From the chambers
Of our faith,
Keep safe
Happy memories of the past,
The black shade of misunderstanding will be lost
In the moon's laughter pleasant.
The sky will wipe out
Memories of its pang,
Sip incessant flow of tears
From these eyes
To shower the joy
Of laughter in those!

11

I made silence my weapon
To drag you from distraction, dear
But you burst into
A hearty loud laughter!
A shiny brightness
Brightened you up
Your charm, entire get up.
But I was burnt fully, Chandramalli!
Looked pale from tip to toe.
You alighted direct
From the blazing fire red hot
Like Sita, the blessed pure heart,
Drenched me wholly
With your tears, the droplets.
Wiped out my pain
Of a millennium
Through the silky
End of your saree, so lovely.
I asked for a space between

But you paid no heed
Came closer and closer still
To my soul, my being,
Embraced confinement
In my nerves, the fibres
At your own sweet will,
Owned with ease my bones rigid
The marrow inside.
So delightful was your big, bright smile
That my self-esteem
Impenetrable usually
Was cast aside as a looking glass
In the earthen yard behind.
Dipped me with the wilful desire
To be with you,
To have you again
In the long haul of life!

12

It's your birthday, Chandramalli!
With your yellow silk saree
The thin line of the red paint
Along the edges of your feet
Smooth, as soft as velvet.....
You must be looking as lovely
As a lotus bloomed fully.
As I remembered the day
I came down the street with joy
Carrying a bouquet of tuberose
Sweet scented, divine...
But the infected town
Stood on my way..
You are a dream to me
For everimpregnable..
A song that can't be sung.
I am overwhelmed day and night
With the sweet sadness of losing you
Even though you're around.

I am absorbed with the thought of your presence
Though you're nowhere to be found.
My nerves are often showered
With sweet dream of the fragrance
Of your locks of hair.
In the dense forest of your mind
I am the bird barliet
Losing its track.
What fortune shall I seek for you, dear
On the happiest day of your birth,
All's well with me
when you're around.
Step your feet on the dew drop of endless happiness
And keep laughing always
With thoughts perpetually green.
Let all the wealth of heaven and earth be yours..
With the authority of the entire sky
Let the gem on your forehead
Like the morning star
Indicate the sun, its whereabouts.

13

The tiny droplets of self esteem
And conceit
Have raised their tides
To psunami heights.
The tiny canoe of our link
Is now cast adrift
Swims in perpetual abyss
Solitary, without a shield.
How long shall we hide
Our feet and palms
Bleeding with shattered pieces
Of the looking glass?
Seek our wearied visage
In the smoky dust
Of the flock of cattle
Returning their sheds?
Erect the platform of adoration
In tumbled tough stone,
Shall play hide and seek

With our own being?
What is there in asking the tear
Why it was shed of late?
Was it for joy's sake,
sadness limitless
Or clapping of spectators on stage?
Now there's rush of deep breaths,
Corpses of blooms half bloomed
In the apparently unknown sky
Completely known to you.
Are you really in deep slumber
On your ivory bedstead
Or pretending to be so?

14

I've revealed the bare pages
Of my life before you, Chandramalli!
Read them bit by bit
Try the words, the alphabets
Put them to test.....
The dull dark corners of my mind
Will dazzle like the shooting star.
Suck the drops of nectar
Kept for you with care
Be the mother divine, immortal.
Pour in the hollow of my hands
All dirts of mistrust
From the chest of faith....
The poisonous drops of doubt
From the unfathomable ocean of hope.
I shall swallow them like God , the gracious
Without any condition!
There'd be no shape then
No burning sensation....

All objections, oppositions
Would be filled with
The aroma of sandal paste.
The limits of our relation
Would touch the horizon!
You'd soon stoop down
To my warm embrace
My distressed palms feeling the charm
Of your face fine, fresh!

15

I've revealed the bare pages
Of my life before you, Chandramalli!
Read them bit by bit
Try the words, the alphabets
Put them to test.....
The dull dark corners of my mind
Will dazzle like the shooting star.
Suck the drops of nectar
Kept for you with care
Be the mother divine, immortal.
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All dirts of mistrust
From the chest of faith....

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Would be filled with
The aroma of sandal paste.
The limits of our relation
Would touch the horizon!
You'd soon stoop down
To my warm embrace
My distressed palms feeling the charm
Of your face fine, fresh!

16

Did you lose the path, Chandramalli!
Or ignore it fully
When crown blooms
Had covered the plant
Beside the cemetery?
Didn't bother a bit
For the unhappy stars upset
Dropping down the vast, blue sea
From the breast of heavens.
Which lamp shall you hide, dear
At the ornate end of your cover,
When they blow out one by one
With air blown by Time's blower
From His barrier half done..
The lamp of life is infected now
So do the tears...
Whose tears shall you pour now
To rekindle the lamps gone?
The lives mourning for

Warm caress of kinsfolk
Disappear soon
With no bouquet of love scattered on.
For whom will you shed tears Chandramalli!
Check your sobs, sad, distressing
Take in deep breaths
And come back dear,
Wiping your anger,
The conceit that you have.
Let's drop the burning fire
Of ego, the envious self,
In the sand glass of time
Celebrating life as much as we can.
Before the world is deserted
Of its humans

Let's tie the lives still alive
With the knot of love
Love immortal,
And share their good care.
We must conquer time,
Affirm its gloomy defeat
The messenger of death shall depart
Leaving us to redeem mankind
With the riches of life
Filled with love infinite.

17

How'll you tread on the way, Chandramalli!
Whose sting shall you endure
The wrath of nature or vice of instinct wicked?
Heavens may fall down
If you cross the threshold....
The soil will drop
Once you step into the thoroughfare.
There's toxin in the climate,
Pain in the gasp of the turtle
The hamlets are terrified by the roar of tigers.
How dare you cross the highway
With your tender feet fair
Overcoming the corpses piled
The vicious vulture vile
The brown jackle cunning?

Sideline a bit, dear,
Let the awful night be over.
Toughen your feet
Stock up vigour infinite
The darkness will vanish someday
The day will dawn
In the breast of heavens....
We shall search for our dreams
disordered
Dipping in the new light of dawn...
Fill the oil of emotions
In the wick of remenesces past
Set right the lamp of life,
Break the breast of darkness
To launch the journey in light.

18

How long shall we play
Hide and seek, Chandramalli!
We have to learn now
The art of crossing the river of gloom.....
May it be the wayward virus of death
Or fine particles of life fearful..
With trepidation
We have to walk ahead.
The faith worn out
In the darkness of night
Can be revived of course
With the sparkle of
Trust, a calming comfort.

Pressing the ears with fingers
Doesn't end the blast
Covering the eyes with palms
Hardly rips the wings of terror apart.
Let's snatch the petals of gloom
From buds innocent
To compose verses unlimited
In leaves, varied.
Write hymns of life from the Vedas,
On pieces of rock rigid, useless
Make shaligrams of them
Sacred, most revered.

19

Don't you hear the din Chandramalli!
The hue and cry of maidens outside?
They have invoked the moon tender
Seeking bracelets shiny for sisters-in-law
Affluence of brothers there on,
Wished grooms bright, handsome for their own.
They have forgotten the morning awestruck...
The sky is dreamy
With parched rice
Offered by them to the moon
With hands joined together.
Let the moon smile for ever

Removing agonies of a nightmare.
No bud be bitten by buzzing bees busy....
Fishes float fairly in calm Kalindi water.
The fire of desire be put out from the greedy eye,
When dreamy wings fly in the sky.
The diffusion of blooms in plaits
Bring an end to maidenly tears.
Come on Chandramalli!
Let's offer handfuls of parched rice to the moon
Wishing our best to teenaged girls winsome

20

Millions of stars
Shimmering like lamps bright
On the breast of New moon night,
Dazzle of sparklers unnumbered
Can't wipe the gloom of heavens
Without the moon.....
Can't suck droplets
From blooms of glistening green grass.
Whom do you envy, Chandramalli?
With whom do you play hide and seek?
What 's the prowess in the wings of darkness
To breach the base of our faith?
Vibrate the core of our courtship?
Lakhs of stars can't make one moon

The dazzle of crackers is fake
A sport for the instant!
Wipe the darkness of doubt , Chandramalli!
Take away soots of confusion vile.
Pour some oil of faith
In the lamp of self....
And light the wick of love, dear!
The radiant moon shall brighten
The trail
To launch our march ahead
We'll break through the gloom of night
And pass on tidings of eternal light!

21

It's not for a glimpse of the feet
Nor asking for hands and feet kind....
We shall visualise the self, Chandramalli!
In my world of consciousness
You are the Champak flower
Sweet, fragrant for ever!
I shall be an oyster humble
In the ocean of your nerve fibre
Transform to a pearl invaluable
As you desire.
You ll preserve me for ever
As riches by a miser

I shall be lost in recollections dear
Absorbed in deep affection.
When I recall
You will appear in full form
I 'll stretch like a particle tiny
Piercing your bones firm, marrows, vessels of blood
Where there's no pain
Of build or blister.
No act of sight, no hearing
Or adoration of deeds done.
All ego, wrath provoked
Shall be short term, fairly fragile,
Like our entity, non entity
Desires and aversions
The fruits of our acts noble
Incorporated within us.

22

My faith is not the twilight lamp flickering
To be lost in a gust of Eve's wind.
It's not a house on sand in the beach
To collapse in a wave of salty tide.
Not even a dew drop in the morn....
To be licked
By the heat of the warm sun.
Don't confuse it for a glass wall brittle
To be shattered by a block of brick.

My faith is the brightest sun
Dazzling glorious
On love's mountain!
The pole star smiling
In the sky of conviction!

The sail boat of our trust
Has already crossed
The vast ocean of warmth.
Our relation for years on end
Has touched the space vast.
In the altar of my sacrifice
You are the endless flame burning bright.
We are committed to each other
for time eternal
With conditions unconditional...
What more assertions do you need now?

23

The new year's on its wings, Chandramalli
The almanac is sure to change
But can it change the contours of the heart?
The notion of hunger and thirst,
The bane of terror
From the Champak forest?
Can it redeem the diamond stud
From the crocodile's teeth
To the dainty girl elegant?
The story of blooming buds
Deep down the mud
Can't be fake.
The episode of the bleeding feet

Is still the point....
We shall yet continue the journey,
Chandramalli!
With dreams endless, joyous.
Whether it's with tears or with blood
With sobs or notes musical
We'd write the song of life
Behind the new sun rising.
We won't ask for redemption:
Good luck or future not our concern,
Just sing the prelude to our love song, graceful...
In notes sacred, mystical.

24

If you glance a little, Chandramalli
My anguish of days together,
Shall vanish for ever.....
There'll be delight in the blue planet
With scented flowers abundant
From the paddy field.
Calming comfort
Around the bounds of
Heaven and hell, the earth.
Even a little of your soft voice sweet
Can alter a girl haughty
To the one pleasant, kind.
Bits of the sky fragmented
Shall all be joined together.
The moon will descend from heaven

To the courtyard with cracks open.
The stars shall sell in stalls
Jewels varied brightly lit.
So wilful have you been....
Wrath and respect lost inkling
The delicate tie of relations
Is thinner still.
The woolens for wintry days
Are drenched with water fully.
How long will you punish
The broken heart, Chandramalli?
Before the wistful earth is split
Come down my love!
Leaving your ivory cot cosy, soft
To bring smile
In dejected hearts hurt.

25

Before the earth is split
With the anguish of flowers shed
Let's analyse each other, Chandramalli!
Last and final.
Tend the petals pious
Of the lotus of our heart....
The river of blood is flowing now
Replacing tears of faith.
All the roads narrow and wide ,
Riverbanks, bushes thick and thin
Are full of corpses known,

Alien very often.
The blooms losing anklets
In the snake's hide
Are terrified to the brim.
The earth slides under the feet!
The smooth bed of love
Is enclosed by toxin horrible.
In the lamp of love
The wick of sin is extending itself.
With the oil of passion
The fire of instinct is ablaze.
Come on Chandramalli!
We'd be far from ego's clutch
Be epitomes of love eternal
Wipe blind desire from every heart
Fill the cosmos with joy immortal.

26

If you shed all your tears
You'd be without them, dear
Impoverished.
Preserve a little for that day -
Some one'll certainly come,
To squeeze your drenched cloth tight,
Make incantations of your plight
To turn your sobs into tunes soft, sweet.
A metamorphosis complete
For the caterpillars that fill
The tall tree in your backyard bent
To be butterflies benevolent.
There'll be puns, satire, metaphors for you....
You'll be rich with rhetorics
Fortunate enough!
The goddess divine on earth
With His immortal touch!

27

Welcome me Chandramalli
With all the distractions I have
My love, my despise
The confidence I have, compassion
The idleness, the affection in me
The blurs blue......
Own them with the warmth in you!
Apply my likes, dislikes
As vermilion
In the parting of your hair
My whims monarchial
Be yours for a dazzle.

I shall wipe clean
Your ego, the tears you shed,
the sulkiness you have
Complaints and queries....
They will be the sandal paste
To keep me cool, composed.
Your resentment, apprehensions unlimited-
Are spots sacred on my forehead,
My thirsty lips are eager to sip
All passions dormant
you had ever cherished!

28

It's the day to keep vigil
Before the splendours
Of his lordship
Lighting the lamp of clay.
Fast for the whole day
A dry fast, fast absolute.
You're bemused by
The busy bustle of the day...
Bedeck the basket with care
The incence stick, the earthen lamp so rare, so pure
The sweet fragrance of Agarwood,
The sacred sandalwood
Fills the space around.
Lighting the lamp of vigil
Is no fun Chandramalli!

It's not a luxury at all.
Watch the stars dazzling
In the broad breast of heavens
Wiping the darkness of night
With unabated light
From times out of mind.
What's the use of a day's vigil
When the ego inside
Has confined our being
With darkness dense, deep
Deluded the cosmos solely.
Can't we atone our emotions
with incantations sacred

And light the lamp of love incessant
Like the stars overhead?
To amuse the spirit eternal,
We can't illumine the dark domains
Of delusion, Chandramalli!
Swindling the scary sea of consciousness!
These are lamps too small
To wipe out darkness of the soul.
Once we illuminate the inner core
Light and darkness shall be all one.
Needless to have a lamp then
The sun, the moon, the stars
Shall be shining in vain!

29

I don't need to guess, dear
How much we assessed
Each other
In the tides of time
We sailed together.
How much more were we weighed
Hankering here and there,
How seared we were
In fervent heat
Of the sobs we shared-
How drenched
We had been
In the callous hours of darkness
In springtide,
Or how we measured the fog
In a wintry dawn;
But I tried myself
In the gauge of your mind ...
Discovered it fresh

In the blue mirror
Of your eyes;
Recognised the self
In the forum of your fancy.
Dipping deep down the lake of your love
I could assume
My ways in delving deep
The limits to soar high.
Finding me from the depth
of water immeasurable
You yielded me again
To my own domain;
Which glow you glued Chandramalli
To the fresh, unwilling buds
Of my yard
The tender foliage of faith
Are now singing songs in mirth,
The vague letters
On the clean board of my trust
Are glimmering rich
With auspicious gilt!

30

Wherein you be Chandramalli!
In the farfetched moon
Or a flower of the ridge gourd ..
In the lotus pond
Or the Pacific Ocean
Whether it is Gopa or Mathura,
The earth or the vast sky,
May it be Kunja or Kalindi
Immature infantile lips or grey hair,
If ever called by me, Respond in no time ...
If remembered even once,
Permeate through my blood vessels..
As I open my eyes,

You will appear in your full form
Once I close them
Cover my inward eyes
In the form of dreams.
As I draw my ears nearer,
You will penetrate me entirely
From my nerves to the spine,
As a melodious musical note.
If I open my mouth, you will hang as a gale of laughter
In my caged lips.
Now is time to give me words Chandramalli!
Never spoil my paddy field,
With the flood of your tears!
Let my garden of confidence be not lost
By the wavering wind of inconfidence!!

31

Do you remember Chandramalli!
In the darkness of a New moon night like this,
So alarming, so uncertain...
We had stepped into the highway.
You had abandoned your attachment
For the queen's abode
Bewildered by the tuneless song of my tambourine.
We had crossed the river Baitarani ,
Hot and humid,
Hastily, with great anxiety.
The shimmering stars had made a canopy overhead..
A few minutes were there for the night to end,

The Venus had already arisen
The sun was at hand
We were perhaps crazy
With a confidence brimming with impatience.
Our joyful, deranged mind and wit
Could not control the rudder of the boat
Our boat is seized
In the devastating sea
It's fraught with peril now
By the splash of the setting sun.
Pou your tears on my palm, dear
I shed mine on your silky cover.

Before being lost again
In the storm of harassment and flood of tears
Let's control our boat,
Alarmed, misled.
We shall keep back
All bereavements of the crematorium
Be ready to straighten the helm
Holding the poles of faith in the oar of consolation
Be there with firmness, dear..
Let the smile of your red lips,
Be not lost while searching for the shore

32

This end is not the last setting of the sun
Not even sunset.
It's the last movement of the sun,
That had arisen in the morn!
These are all unforgettable promises
Of evening to the morning,
And morning to the evening...
Words of hot days to the rains
Wintry time to the spring.
In the tree of life
The two birds are playing hide and seek.
Can't touch each other..,

They have no beginning, no end.
For whom do you condole, Chandramalli
What makes you so impatient?
Can the mundane eraser erase an art,
Splendid, elegant -
On the canvas of eternal consciousness, perpetual?
Let's not condole anymore,
Be ready to welcome
The new light of dawn
That can illuminate
The sky extending high,
The earth so dear
The vast sea, our solar system,
Being a drop of divine light
In the one ocean of consciousness,
Unbounded, infinite!

33

Come along Chandramalli,
Let's moisten our eyes with tears mingled with blood
Deep down the heart,
Grieve silently for those
Who were burnt to death
In the fiery flames of our foolishness...
Turned to corpses in masses
Much before maturity,
They had a long way to tread....
Even Yama, the wretched god of death,
Had no consideration,
Didn't discriminate between
The young and the old.
Took off life of those
Who were freshly in the starting phase.

Let's now pray to God
With closed eyes and a calm, serene heart
To end this tragedy
In painful, teary memory of the blooms
Who met an early end.
In return, our pride, firmness and ego
Our unjustified thoughts
Shall be all ablaze
In the fire of their cremation.
We shall vaccinate our consciousness
Worn out, decrepit
And relieve humanity
Of its disease, its infirmity.

34

Why do you brood Chandramalli!
Is it because the glowing blue
Is gushing forth as tear drops
Down your ink pen?
Even if you make a barrier of your words - weighty, ponderous
And drench the diseased earth thoroughly,
The faces already lost
Won't return any more.
They have been martyrs.
We'd rather pay homage to them
Blossom forth the lotus of faith
In the soaked soil mundane.
Sucking all nectar from those flowers
We'd cross the sea of sadness.

We shall cleanse the land of viruses
And bring smile in the lips
Of mother earth, terror - struck.
The hard days won't be there for ever
That's how this sweet earth
Is there for us to allure!
The night gets darker and denser
As the day dawns,
So the saying goes...
This is certainly premonition
For that light to enter.
Let's restrain ourselves Chandramalli-
The sunrise is awaiting us!

35

You had started the expedition with me, Chandramalli!
In a morning as sick as this....
The waves of time we were sailing in
Were terrified to the brim.
Beneath you feet
Shining with red paint
You had crushed the fear
Of blazing heat of the sun,
The terrible booming of cannon.
The streets around
Were bound with horrifying hounds
But with sheer touch of your feet so smooth
Had forgotten the sharp teeth and nails
Their whereabouts....
Swallowed indifference of the lofty blue
Through your fresh lips floral.
With your enchanting touch, immortal,
The universe is now holy, a shrine of gods.

I've forgotten the day's distress
Fuming in the smoke of failure
To attain what I desire.
Catching hold of life in my grips
I was shedding tears in the dreadful banks
Of the river of death.
These are all pages of history....
I'm far beyond the limits of illusion now.
My achievements, my failures
Are now identical
With the sketch of
My actions, inactions and actions forbidden.
The bounds of my contentment
And discontentment
Have now forgotten their limits...
Are you still asking
About the end of this voyage, Chandramalli?
It's an expedition eternal,
What end can it have?

36

This morning
When the raven made a craw discontented
From the Champak tree
In my courtyard....
So exhausted was I
But resisted not, thinking
Of good tidings it may bring,
The relief the pale morning gloomy
Can have.
As I promised you
Not to sing the song of grief,
I'm hung on my way to heaven
Like Trisanku, the king stern.
When the world around is cheerless
It's not easy to be joyful, Chandramalli!

In the river of sadness
The lily of joy can't bloom.
I knew some day you would come
On my way uncalled....
Before the last bloom from my garden drops down
The final driplet falls from my pen.
You'd cross the waves of tear
To pluck the lotus of love,
Full of faith loyal.
The raven would be the crow all blissful.
Weariness shall be wiped out of the blue
There will be comfort around.
As you have stepped in
Feelings of anguish shall vanish
All moments would be auspicious shining bright.

37

You dawn on me, Chandramalli
This very day!
Tell me if you can
Why you shake me so much more
Every now and then?
Stick to me as a bat
Squeezing its hands and feet?
The earth around me
Is motionless for a moment
Forgetting its axis,
The orbit round the sun.
Though miles and miles away from me
I feel you're relaxing
On the lotus of my eyes thirsty
As a black-bee
Singing the soft note melodious.
I am waving in the sweet music

With my back to the dark.
I shall wait for you with eyes closed
For time immemorial with faith
For an assurance from you.....
I won't open the eyes
Lest you should stumble,
Fly instantly high
Crossing the heavens blue
Deviate, vanish for ever
Amidst the clouds
Or twined round the waves messy
Of the ocean huge, continuous....

38

Now it's time for rest, dear
Go for a calm sleep, serene
The night is getting denser.
How long will the slumbers
Make a sparkle of your eyes astir?
Have a sound sleep now.
If you're awake any more-
The stars winking in the breast of heavens
Will fall down
On the vast body of water.
Can you bear the burden of their corpses
In your arms so tender ?

I don't care to know
The cool ashes of whose hearth
Were heavy with the heat of your tears
Or heat of which city
Was cooled with your cover
How many barren branches
You brought to blooms
Is not my concern:
Your eyes speak of wakeful nights
You've spent so far!
A sound sleep is all they look for.
Safeguard your dreams dormant
With cautious concern
Lest they should float

In the salty waves
Of your sea of tear!
Close your eyelids
For a sound sleep, dear.
The tears too have a destiny
Of their own, Chandramalli!
To be absorbed by a handful
Of hot torrid sands
Or turn to pearls precious
On a bunch of green grass
As in lot, all pre-decided,
Scheduled in time frame

39

A sudden flash of you this day
Shattered my being....
But I didn't wake you up
No, I didn't want to.
With issues multiple all around
How can I trouble
Your slumber dreamy, sound

To expose one more setback
Heart rending, most recent?
Things here are falling apart
in the twinkle of an eye,
The moon-lit night of life
Is seized somewhere
in a dim and dark pathway.

Life is emptied
out of the lively youth, cheerful,
The key to the precious treasure trove
Slips from behind the cautious palms
To be lost forever in seabed deeply down.
Shades of poison encircle
The clouds white
The wings of butterflies bright.
Life's enactments rock to and fro
On the trunk of an elephant.
Is it not a bane, Chandramalli!
To stand a mute spectator
To those of Nature's spite?
Resume your sound sleep, dear
Let your dreamy eyelids
Compose the lyrics of cosiness
In the crown of this night
The moon, the stars, the planets
Play their roles proper......
A cosy sleep is the need of the hour
For your wakeful eyes to restore!

40

How I wish, Chandramalli
The exotic fragrance
Diffused from your courtyard
To the private chambers
Perfume the cores
Of my heart and soul!
Charm me, dear, for ever
As a pearl in the oyster of my wakefulness.
I've laid my palms, Chandramalli!
To capture the loving moments memorable, full of passion!
Put up your cupped palms, dear
We'll safeguard the shiny casket
Of our fondness
With knots several
In the veils of time eternal.
For celebration of a life
as fascinating as this
We shall shed it often

To come alive again and again,
With all of life's enactments
At our beck and call.
In the confines of undivided bond of our relation-
Let's compose
A new note of adoration
And sing the propitious song of bliss incessant
In metres and measures classical.....
Set in motion the seeds of infatuation
In lives and hearts of everyone!

41

How can the plant of relationship
Flourish to full bloom, Chandramalli!
Without faith, a lump of earth?
Without a fraction of the sky
Little bit of fervour
And a palm full of water
As emotions galore
All fantasies of budding fondness
Are bound to burn.
The blue lily of pure delight
Drops down dead.
The ever flowing fountain of passion

Evaporates soon.
The damp dreams
of the moon- lit night
Are adrift on fluffy clouds.
What strength is there
In a handful of soil, dear
To clasp the sprouts of emotion,
Blossom forth blooms varied
To its desires innocent,
Hold tight the fine roots of bondage
Forcing them down and down,
With its lush leafy limbs
Heading the heavens above?

42

A cover of oblivion
Is not easy to acquire, Chandramalli!
For the one chilled to the bone
with memories myriad.
The price of all stones precious
In the three worlds famous
Can't purchase
even a string of oblivescence.
The sweet pain of confinement
To the boundless ocean of flashbacks
Is life as we know, dear -
The indelible letters
On the grey board of time spent
Remain big and bold as such;
Sweet or sour
Free, uncontrolled they are!

Need them or not
They're there at the back,
Break open stealthily the golden lock
Of the silver chest,
cover the bones, the marrows
Of our being
Like a fatal virus getting in!
The reflections arrive
with flapped wings varied
To perch on the lush
garden of Life
Bringing along
Healing potions to our living -
They're incantations to charm
Our long, dreamy trip ,
Funds too dear, Chandramalli!
To cast aside.
The pangs of your weariness

Have not been wiped
The bleeding from your feet
yet to be stopped,
Memories lurk behind;
But.........
our fondness for the fresh
morning air,
The crack of dawn
Can't be ignored, dear
Let's embrace it
With a warm, open heart !!

43

With a single avowal of yours
True or false
The courtly kopak trees
Sport with delight
The game of colours radiant...
The split strings of the harp
with discordant tunes
Now create rhythmic
Shadjam notes....
Believe it or not, Chandramalli!
Your word took away
Agony of ages together
In the blink of an eye....
The vain effort of rowing boats
In a river dried up
Is out of mind now;
The bolts from the blue altered
To alphabets amazing!

The butterflies quiescent
with wings impaired
In the pots of my garden
Are now soaring up.
The blank pages in my diary
Are crowded with words varied
Come on Chandramalli!
Let's forget the lovelorn songs
saddening our past,
Sow seeds of faith
In the fearsome fields
of our voyage
To collect crops of hope
Fill the wounds unwanted
With the healing balm of
A dreamy, new pledge.
All losses revive Chandramalli
The nightmares disappear
Sooner or later,
Wipe all weariness

Of our long trip, tedious
In the veil at your back.....
Forget our gain, the loss incurred-
Before being swayed
in the tide of time transient;
We'll restart the expedition, dear
Moisten the moments of pain
With affection rare
Gulp down the last droplets
Of this globe
Infected to its core!

44

In which tint shall I tinge you Chandramalli!
You're glowing rich
With colours of the rainbow
Brilliantly bright.
Your rosy lips are reddened
With the hue of the rising sun
In your cheeks so bashful
There's spark of the setting sun.
The beauty of the dense clouds dark
Hides in your hair's lock.
You 've eyebrows pitch black
The shiny, blue eyes delude
The dreamysky, all its glamour.
Your ears gleam with a pinkish glow,
In the blue ocean of your apprehension
I'm a paperboat, frail, uncontrolled.
Your anger with its blood red colour
Ignites me ever with its fire.

Your love is lively, vibrant
As exotic blooms of linseed infinite
Filling my inner eyes with shades so distinct.
Your anger, your arrogance
Are covered with dark clouds of Intensely rainy days..
Your love is joyous
Like multicolouredpisces
Dazzling in a pool of water.
In your resentment
You are the peacock flower
Blooming bright.
Whenever you invite
There's beauty
Of the soft, white moon lit night
Profoundly calm, quiet.
In the greenery of your submission
All distinct colours , so bright once
Appear dull, colourless.

45

The glad tidings you shared
On my special day,
Allured me
To the weedy wood of flashbacks....
Which impressions shall we
Shake off Chandramalli,
Like flowers withered,
faded fully?
What are the ones
To be treasured gently
With loving memory?
The ethereal little whiles
Stinging the wings of the night
Have been blots
On eternity's head...
The perpetual paintbrush
Adding a shade deeper to the bluebell
Has covered the space above
With grace benign, rare!

Your heartfelt greetings
Redeemed a refined image
Deleted long since
The memory lane....
The days of yore
When the appealing aroma
Of Champak blooms
Kept us mesmerized
Lifted to a lofty state
Of self-denial.....
When I was pouring
flecks of moon beam
Beyond the palm groves in your glad hands
With subtle delight -
And you were busy
Building the castle of your dreams in air......
The lovely lilies I had plucked
In shades varied
Adorned the deities
At the altar of your rites sacred...

How craftily you robbed radiance
from the grand gulmohar
To light up my vision!
In the landslip of the overflowing river
We were in a hustle
To measure our pulsation.

Amidst the fragrance of mango buds,
The sweet, melodious tunes of the cuckoo
I was searching for your anklets
Deep down the lotus pond...
Your compliments filled with warmth
The long lost days of the past, dear
A fresh lotus from the mud
In immeasurable depths
Raised its head
To overwhelm me...

46

Sweet melody of my mind's harp,
seven notes of my strain -
O dear, the holy Ganges of my life,
calm cascade of affection;
The eternal being of awareness,
accent of existence absolute:
The modest lightening of my fancy,
appeal for emotions chaste...

Your appearance brings with it
the sweet scent of lavender,
The smile of autumn moon
casts designs distinct on your floor,
Your touch is the jovial,
gentle breeze of spring days
Your embrace is the dazzling dome
of the deity of riches!

The secret stare elates me
to a subtle, mystical level-
The soothing smile is a flash
of lightning to my soul:
As I find my form
in the floweret of your flair,
I lie like a bee on the lotus
of your lap with cheer....

Fruit of my deeds solemn,
attainment of my thoughts austere!
Are you a drop of divine drink
In my enamored enclosure?

47

You detained me too long, dear
To appear in the glorious dawn
Stepping to the tunes of Zephyr:
Oh, I long to feel you from near!

Crossing all ripples of emotion
I'll begin my joyous expedition,
To gaze at you with adoration
For a serene feel, relieving pain.

You refreshed me with a coolness
By your sweet enchanting notes
The harp within is ready with tunes
Your presence makes the difference!

If you have come dear, to my confines
Scatter the seeds of love on all sides!

48

Our love is sure to suffer, dear
in their fancy for war-
The sword shall crop the tie
So long we share
Pages of history speak of it
We are yet to hear;
Or act like villains on earth
In tales of yore!

The menace of the virus was better
Though lives were shed in galore
humanity stirred everywhere, hands joined
To defeat the horrid deed of nature;

The vocable of lasting love and care
Has given way to thirst for power
Gunshots satiate hunger of the blue collar
The dusts of mother land away so far.....
No fresh air to breathe here after, dear
Dreadful blasts degrade life in Nature!

49

I empty my dreams adrift
In your palms, Chandramalli!
Unconditional is it
Keep them safe in your heart.....
Cast as a handful of parched rice
to the new moon vault
They will disperse as stars twinkling
In the dark night's court!
Scatter them as a shower of rain
In the parched land of paddy,
I shall welcome with pleasure
All your moments moistened with tear
Of unfulfilled desire,

Your conceits, vexation
The sulkiness you have
With no strings attached.
I assure you, my dear
To absorb the mountain
Of your dull despair
By being a surge of psunami
In every quarter.....
I shall arrange your words austere,
dreams dim,
Lurching in dust -
Keep them afresh
With eyes wet
For time infinite
As long as tears emanate-
Deep within!

50

Who is playing the flute here
With melodious tunes incessant,
Whose strides are these
Seemingly arrhythmic?
Can you hear, Chandramalli!
It comes wafting near -
Who's the amazing visitant
Waving his hands constant?
Who has filled my yard
with a scent so sweet?
Why are the blooms in my lawn
In such exaltation?
Whose welcome song is this
greeting the new spring?
Oh, this is the intonation
Pointing his arrival.....
If his foot dusts most cherished

Gently touch the threshold -
It's His grandeur, supreme elation!
Who cares then
for the date definite,
or unknown, indefinite?
It's all auspicious, bright!
In his firm embrace
All sleeps turn eternal
All journeys lead to Salvation
The ocean of grief metamorphoses
to incantations joyous
There's instant relief from
Pain, diseases suffered
All ties untied.

Wait a while, dear-
Let me add the last word
to my poem half done -
The finishing touch
To my sketch half drawn
Is not yet over....



Dr. Basanti Mohanty is a well known writer of prose in the world of Odia literature. She has enriched Odia literature by writing more than thirty books of different genre such as short-stories, essays, novels, reviews and poems.

"Chandramalli" is the first poetry book of Dr. Mohanty incorporating different social themes in fifty small poems. The interconnectivity and thematic similarity in these poems have made it a long in these poems have made it a long poem. It has received huge support and applause in the social media and we are confident that the book will definitely attain readers' applause like her other books.



Subrata Mishra has been serving different institutions of Higher Education in Odisha as a faculty in English. She is an avid reader and a passionate critic of English and Odia poems. This brings out a separate adoration for her poetic creations and translations. The serenity in her approach touches the hearts of millions.

Chandramalli", as Subrata views - ... is dramatic, though there are no dialogues anywhere .... It is a soliloquy." – and that makes 'Chandramalli unique and special. We believe, Subrata's dedicated efforts will receive adoration from the readers.

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